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THE STORY TELLER.

THE POOR STUDENT'S DREAM, OR, THE GOLDEN RULE.

BY C. H. WILLEY, A. M.

CHAPTER I.

'And you think, Tom, I'll never be rich or happy,' said Andrew Lindsay.

'You cannot be happy and poor,' answered Thomas Weatherly, 'and that you'll always be poor is as certain as that you are a visionary.'

'Then, the conclusion that I cannot be happy, depends upon three propensities, not one of which I admit,' replied Lindsay. 'I believe, in the first place, that a man can be poor and happy; but tell me why you think I am a visionary, since my being such is to be the cause of my poverty.'

'Because,' spoke Weatherly, 'because you differ so entirely from the rest of the world in your opinions. You are too confiding, too generous and too peaceful, to speak. All history, biography, and tradition, as well as our own experience, teach us that men in this world, are in a state militant. When you leave these classes, every man that you meet up the street, or on the highway, by the fireside, or by the altar, will be your enemy, and will, whenever occasion offers, make you feel the truth of what I say. You must arouse yourself, sir, and be ever ready not only to strike in your own defense, but also to be the aggressor when an unknown enemy comes in your way. We are all on a pirate; all the world is divided into two classes, the devourers and the devoured.'

'Weatherly,' said Lindsay solemnly, 'that is most detestable doctrine which you teach; I am almost afraid of you.'

'Come, come,' replied Weatherly smiling, 'you construe me too literally. I spoke in tropes, and yet, alas! did I not speak truth? The other day I was reading Waddy Thompson's book on Mexico, and when I came to that part where he speaks of the Sacrificial Stone, on which the ancient Aztecs slaughtered their human victims, I began to moralize. There, in Mexico, the original inhabitants offered human victims at the shrine of their deity: the Spaniards sacrificed the Aztecs, and the Americans will sacrifice the Spaniards. Is not the abomination of human sacrifices still continued in that unhappy country? This is but a single instance, and I cite it to illustrate my position. As it is with nations, so it is with individuals; in some way or other, every man is warring with his fellows, and he that is not armed with selfishness deceit and cunning, will stand no more chance of holding his own, than would a government without navy or army.'

'All this is the result of false philosophy, and improper education,' answered Lindsay; 'there are a few pirates, I acknowledge, in all communities, but the majority are honest, peaceful and liberal. What the world wants, is confidence; each man knows himself to be just and reasonable; he fears his neighbor—his neighbor fears him. Now, for one, I intend to reverse this rule; I intend to hold a window to my breast, and deceive no one. I shall take it for granted, that all are like myself until the contrary appears by their conduct.'

'And I shall act upon the opposite principle,' said Weatherly, 'and we'll see who is the more successful. And by the way, how did your rule work with the Cleavelands? From what I've heard, I should judge that you've made a bad beginning, and sacrificed a fortune to a

'I don't know what you're heard,' answered Lindsay, 'but I do know that the facts in regard to the matter alluded to, have not transpired, at least from me. They are simply these, (and I tell them to you to show you how mistaken you are in your suspicion.) You know how I stood in my native village; you know that, poor as I was, my father in G., would have been willing to see me a member of his family. In the academy, I took the first distinction; in the debating society, I ranked first, and at every party I was not an unwelcome guest. Now, you must remember, that from my boyhood, I had been taught to venerate the name of Cleaveland; the old General was the richest man in the country; he stood at the head of society, and was foremost in every good work. Of course, his children came in a share of his popularity, and Harriet Cleaveland was thought to be as near perfection as it is possible for a child of mortality to be. What a mere girl, the fame of her wit, grace, gentleness, and beauty, interested me; I thought of her in every place, and finally,

I loved her in a certain way, before I knew her except by sight. I have reason to believe she thought of me in the same way; each of the other's good angel, and our future union, was a matter fixed on in our minds, and in those of the whole community. We often met as we grew up; we were intimate, and yet when I left for college, I had never breathed love to her in any way.

'When I returned down on a visit some time ago, she was nearly grown, and as she already had several suitors, I thought it time to put in my claim. I did not wish to address her: I desired only to let her know I intended to address her at some future day. This was a delicate task, and fearing that I should not be able to do it satisfactorily or easily, or by word of mouth, I had recourse to my pen. Delicate, too, as the matter was, and sensitive as I am, I felt it to be my duty under the circumstances, to inform Harriet's parents of my intentions, and I never shrink from the discharge of any duty. Accordingly I wrote her a note, couched in the language neither too cold nor too tender, informing her of my wishes and intentions, and to give her a full opportunity of knowing me well, requested permission to write to her. This note I requested her to show to her father, and remarked that if it did not return to me, I should consider my request as granted. It did not come back, and I wrote to her weekly; I wrote, not love letters, but letters full of love, but full of my heart. I wrote as I think and feel; I wrote of books, of human life, of God and Heaven, of death, and immortality. In a word, she read all my thoughts; she saw my soul in a picture, and I flattered myself, too, that her taste might be somewhat improved by the style and subjects of my letters. Finally, in a fit of extreme tenderness, and when my lonely situation was pressing heavily upon me, and she was about to go to the North to finish her education, I wrote a long letter, requesting an engagement, and enclosed the letter to her father. It came back to me exactly as I sent it, excepting only the envelope directed to General Cleaveland. I was indignant, and hastily went home, wrote to her, and gave her the note to a servant of her father's. The servant came back, telling me that she would not receive it; I called and she was not to be seen. Then I requested an interview of her father; he declined it, and I wrote him a long letter, giving him all the facts and justifying myself, and their came back to college. Now, wherein have I done wrong?'

'That question displays your simplicity,' said Weatherly, lighting a fresh cigar. 'In the first place,' continued he, 'you ought never to have given the girl formal information of your intentions, and secondly, you ought not to have hinted the matter to the old man until you had got the girl's consent. In such treatises,' said Judge R., from the Bench, 'a certain degree of deception is allowable as necessary and is practiced by both the contracting parties.' You must not woo a timid and giddy girl as if you were treating for the purchase of a tract of land—you must dress to her taste, flatter, insinuate, and tease. You must study her weak points, humor her whims and in a word, secretly and surely wind yourself about her heart before she suspects you, and then, when she is unguarded and unprepared, assault her suddenly and violently with a warm and eloquent speech, and press your points until you force her consent. Then bind her to you by the most solemn pledges, commit her out and out before you break the matter to her father. Thus you can then picture to him your mutual pledges; tell him of your own fervent passion, and alarm him with the prospect of having a heart-broken daughter.'

'I would not have any woman who had to be thus wooed and won,' said Lindsay pettishly.

'Then you will have none,' replied Weatherly.

'Be it so,' answered Lindsay; 'be it so. If Harriet Cleaveland is what I thought her, she has no wherewithal to gratify, and she would like me all the better for my candor and my straightforward manly course; if she is not what I thought her, I do not want her.'

'And this straightforward, manly course, as you call it, will get you into trouble with all the world,' said Weatherly; 'it will not be appreciated. You will only be giving others the advantages over you, and they will use it.'

'I don't believe it,' answered Lindsay; 'and by the way, let me tell you of a dream I had last night, and which impressed me much.'

'I dreamed that I was walking over the fields where I sported in the joyful days of my boyhood, and that many tender and melancholy recollections came crowding into my mind.'

'My early hopes and too early blight were remembered, and my thoughts were taking a gloomy turn, when a very old man suddenly overtook me. His locks were long and white, and his limbs withered, and yet his face looked pale and hearty while his clear gray eyes twinkled with a kindly lustre. He moved numbly and noiselessly, without a stick or crutch, and carried on his back a large wallet which he handled as if it contained something extremely valuable.'

'After our salutation and a few words of conversation, he looked me closely in the face as he said, 'Do you wish to buy any books, young man? I am old and wayworn, but I have all my

life been a pedlar and still follow the pursuit,

though sooth to say, I have never found my trade a profitable one. Did I carry trinkets instead of books, I would doubtless have met with more purchasers; but still Iington to make a living and to instruct mankind, which is my chief aim.' At this we sat down, and as he opened his wallet and began to tumble its contents on the ground, he observed the sparkle in my eyes and continued: 'Here is a handsome lot, is it not? See how tempting are the tides! Here is 'The road to Wealth,' here 'The Ladder of Fame,' and here 'The Multiplication Table of Pleasure.' Here is a treatise on 'Hope,' and here is one on 'Immortality'; here, Sir is a book on the 'Wonders of the World,' and here escape from the first society in the cities in which they live, while their accomplishments unfit them for the enjoyment of low and vulgar pleasures. Thus they are, in a measure, isolated from the rest of the world, while they become, in consequence, animated with a strong spirit of corps, and eminently sympathetic in their feelings. With a large number of these, Andrew Lindsay soon became acquainted, and between him and them sincere and strong attachment soon sprang up. This saved him from starvation; his jolly young companions drummed for him as well as for themselves, using their utmost exertions for his behalf, and never failing to give him a puff whenever an opportunity offered. Through their influence he was employed to write a series of tales for a literary periodical, and these stories, displaying as they did a native energy, and richly stored with useful and entertaining knowledge, very soon gave the author a name in the world if they did not put money in his purse. Still he did not prosper; he gave to every beggar who assailed him in the streets, indulged his debtors, and never stickled for the best end of a bargain. He was not wastefull or profusely generous; but he rigidly adhered to the maxims which he had inculcated while at school, and felt it to be his duty to assist those who called on him for aid and who had so shamed him. This was his rule, and though he looked to be a poor and squallid part of the city, and then the old man's misfortune ceased. He still moved on, however, mending his pace, and as Lindsay thought walking more firmly, when suddenly he disappeared through a cellar door.'

The young lawyer determined on an adventure, followed after, arriving in a damp, dark, subterranean chamber, just in time to hear the old man order his boy to bring him immediately a plate of oysters! The command rather surprised Lindsay, and he was still more astonished at the tone of voice in which it was given, and so concluded that the aged fiddler was stoutly built; that he looked to be. He had not time, however, to make many reflections, for he soon found himself confronted by the person who had so strongly interested him:

'CHAPTER II.

The fiddler, after a time, yielded his confidence to Andrew Lindsay, and briefly told him his history. He was, he said, not quite as old as looked, and instantly shedding his wig and beard, and some portions of his dress, revealed himself a pale and handsome youth, whose eyes had not yet closed on the beauties and good

things of this world. In short, John Mason (for such he announced himself) was the son and

heir of a wealthy and aristocratic house; but for

the last year he had been hard run for money.

He had been rather extravagant while at college near a large city, and far from home, refusing to

mit him to leave, he ran off, determined to see the world. In a short time his money gave out;

then went his health, and at last in an evil hour,

and while in Baltimore, he pawned a jewel, to

part with which on any terms was an infe

table disgrace. Remorse, sober, and with his thousand

scorings stings pierced his soul, and his con

science became to him an intolerable hell. He

went back in two days to redeem the pledge,

but he lacked twenty-five dollars; for he offered

it in vain to his trunk and nearly all his clothes.

After a fierce conflict with himself his resolution

was taken: he paid his bill at the hotel, remov

ed to a miserable cellar in the suburbs, and de

termined to redeem, in some way, his pledge.

He remembered having seen a blind fiddler

in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and the effect

which his appearance and his music produced,

and he was himself a good musician, he hoped,

by exactly imitating the old fiddler, to create a similar sensation. The result of his first

effort the reader already knows. Lindsay here

saw a fair field for benevolent enterprise; here

was a chance of making himself happy for a time

at least. He looked upon the youth as having

been thrown in his way for the good of each,

and forgetting his care, his poverty, and his

creditors, he devoted himself to young Mason

with as much cheerful energy as if he were en

gaged in some grand invention. He assured

his young friend that he should get his pledge,

and be restored to his friends. 'I may get the

pledge,' said Mason, 'but my friends I shall see

no more. I have disgraced myself, and lost my

own self-respect; there is pain on my soul, and

yet it will stick till the day of doom. No sir,

no sir; my resolution is stern and fixed. When

I leave here I shall change my name, join the

army or navy if I can—and if not, become a

wanderer over the earth, sick of life, and yet

afraid to die.'

Lindsay, animated with a noble purpose, long

and anxiously combated this mad resolution;

long and kindly, wisely and tenderly, nursed his

patient, and soon began to hope to be able to

entirely to redeem the mind of the erring youth

from that deep slough of despond into which it

had fallen. It is godlike to create, thought he;

I cannot make a man, but I can help to build

one up, to rescue his soul from eternal shame.

With such generous views, he attached himself

to Mason, such generous views, he attached himself

he asked Lindsay, again taking her hand, and gazing like a madman at her face. "He is my brother, John Mason Cleveland, whom you have seen when he was a boy. You are his savior, and we have come to thank you." As the girl spoke she trembled more and more, and nearer and nearer was Lindsay's face approaching hers; tighter and tighter he grasped her hand, faster and faster the tears of each fell upon the floor, until the arms of Andrew clasped the tottering form of his early beloved, and she finished the last sentence sobbing on his breast.

"Well, Andrew," said Mr. Cleveland, Sen., on the next day, "you rescued my daughter's likeness, will you take it in pay?" "I'll take the original, if it so pleases you," answered Andrew, taking the hand of the blushing Harriet.

"Take her and my blessing," said the old man, laying his hands on the happy couple; "take her, may God bless you both as you deserve to be! You have loved her far unfalteringly, under trials and separation, and your devotion is rewarded by this blissful meeting; still love on so through all the trials of life, and God will bless you forever in Heaven!"

* * * * *

Andrew Lindsay, who went to reside with his father-in-law, was considered by those whom he enriched, as their friend. He was more generally esteemed than any man of his day; he used to say he was afraid he would not get to Heaven, so happy was he here. Soon after he was married, an old miser and misanthrope sent for him and said: "When I was a boy, I was poor; I asked favors and got abuse, and I became a scoundrel. If people had been like you, and spoke to me as you do to everybody, I should have been a good man. I am dying; you are the only man in the world fit to take my fortune, and I have left it to you."

This single incident displays the character of Lindsay; when he gave alms he gave as if to his brethren.

And Weatherly, what of him? This life was a stark militiaman to him; he fought the world for thirty years, to get money to buy the world's estate; he made some money, many enemies, and no friends, and died being those about him to keep him from the grasp of death. He left funds to build a house to perpetuate his name; and yet his name is never mentioned, except to be abused, or encircled with a jest. Lindsay spends his money, too, in building monuments, but they are monuments for eternity; they are released souls, that will shine to his honor, and enhance his happiness in the everlasting mansions of the just.—Sartain's Union Magazine.

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I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

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I could not always live this human frame
Ornamented with sin, and so fearfully,
As I had sown, while up and mounts the flame;
Th' immortal world was not my duty.

Earth was not made to hold us always here;

And find no end, never never ever appear;

Our thirtieth shade—not—we thirst for Heaven more

How could we always live! unsatisfied

Our wish to sear could the stars of night?

The pathway of the shade of death untried;

Unknown the secret chamber of the light?

I would not always live: my soul is faint

With sighing for the friends estranged or dead;

The bitter medicines for sin's complaint

Make us do to rest the weary head.

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In the pavilion of His secret place.

Who built the skies; and our Redeemer see,

Not darkly, through a glass, but face to face.

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INCISION NEWS.

SEVEN DAYS LATER.

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A letter from Vienna of the 31st ult. states that several of the Magyar chiefs had been executed; among them are the Ex-Minister of Justice, Popelich, and Gen. Damjanich, who had been hanged, and Gen. Aufermann, who had been shot. Gen. Jowich gave up the fortress of Eszeg to the Magyars, and had been taken to Vienna in chains.

The mother and children of Kossmuth, and the wives of several Magyar Generals had arrived as prisoners of Preobragh. There was some talk of Gen. Gyulai being appointed civil and military governor. The greater part of the Prussian army had received orders to march towards Galicia. The corps d'armes of Gen. Radiger was to remain at Miszkolc and Grosswardein. Buda and Pesth are to have a garrison of 30,000 men.

The Hungarian corps of Pera entered Orla, but the Turkish authorities would not receive them until they had laid down their arms.

George's surrender was known at Comorn on the 18th, and summons was sent to the garrison either to follow his example or to send in their terms of capitulation. The answer given on the 19th was as follows: "No official communication as to the position of affairs near the lower Danube and in the Banat has reached us, and until we know what has taken place there, we cannot, without incurring the charge of treachery to the Fatherland, consent to treat in the name of the council of war."

These members of the late Hungarian diet, who declared that the house of Hapsburg had violated all claim to the throne of Hungary, and whom Russia handed over to the Austrian authorities, have been conveyed to Pesth.

Letters from Vienna state that the Emperor of Austria has pardoned Gorgy, and that the latter has departed for Styria, where he intends for the present to reside.

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A provisional arrangement has been concluded between Prussia and Austria, on the German question. There is to be a directory, consisting of seven members for the confederation, proposed by the cabinets of Vienna and Munich; and it is to hold its sittings at Frankfort. The directory will be a permanent executive commission, for the common interest of the whole of Germany. The states who adhered to the restricted confederation under the direction of Prussia will have between them three votes, and Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and the other small States will have together five votes. Such at least is the proposition of Austria. The presidency of the directors will be vested alternately in Austria and Prussia. This will not alter the relations as to the common legislation and the executive authority vested in the confederation. The Austrian government engages to persuade the Archduke John to resign his dignities of Vicar of the empire.

The Frankfort correspondent of a London paper writes on the 31st, "There is little doubt that a Congress of Princes will be held here in the course of the next week, for the purpose of finally settling the German question. The arrival of the Archduke John and Prince Carl of Bavaria, is confidently expected to-day; the Prince of Prussia received visits yesterday from the dukes of Nassau and Saxe Meiningen; the Duke of Nassau returned this morning to Wiesbaden. The Duke of Saxe Meiningen conferred with the Prince for more than an hour and a half. The Committee of the Oldenburg Chamber has unanimously recommended the rejection of the proposition to join the confederation, proposed by Prussia, Saxony and Hanover."

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A letter from Vienna of the 31st ult. states that several of the Magyar chiefs had been executed; among them are the Ex-Minister of Justice, Popelich, and Gen. Damjanich, who had been hanged, and Gen. Aufermann, who had been shot. Gen. Jowich gave up the fortress of Eszeg to the Magyars, and had been taken to Vienna in chains.

The mother and children of Kossmuth, and the wives of several Magyar Generals had arrived as prisoners of Preobragh. There was some talk of Gen. Gyulai being appointed civil and military governor. The greater part of the Prussian army had received orders to march towards Galicia. The corps d'armes of Gen. Radiger was to remain at Miszkolc and Grosswardein. Buda and Pesth are to have a garrison of 30,000 men.

The Hungarian corps of Pera entered Orla, but the Turkish authorities would not receive them until they had laid down their arms.

George's surrender was known at Comorn on the 18th, and summons was sent to the garrison either to follow his example or to send in their terms of capitulation. The answer given on the 19th was as follows: "No official communication as to the position of affairs near the lower Danube and in the Banat has reached us, and until we know what has taken place there, we cannot, without incurring the charge of treachery to the Fatherland, consent to treat in the name of the council of war."

These members of the late Hungarian diet, who declared that the house of Hapsburg had violated all claim to the throne of Hungary, and whom Russia handed over to the Austrian authorities, have been conveyed to Pesth.

Letters from Vienna state that the Emperor of Austria has pardoned Gorgy, and that the latter has departed for Styria, where he intends for the present to reside.

Venice was taken possession of by the Imperialists on the 27th. The Gazette of the 26th publishes an order of the government regulating the departure by sea of persons who intend to avail themselves of the articles of capitulation; those who desire to proceed to Corfu, Patras, or Alexandria, in Egypt, will be conveyed at the expense of the Austrian government; for all other places the expense of the voyage must be defrayed by the parties themselves.</p

